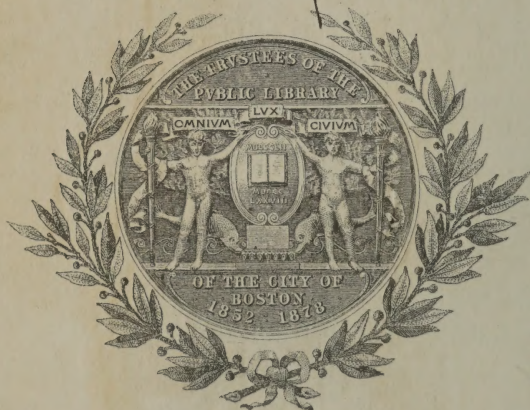




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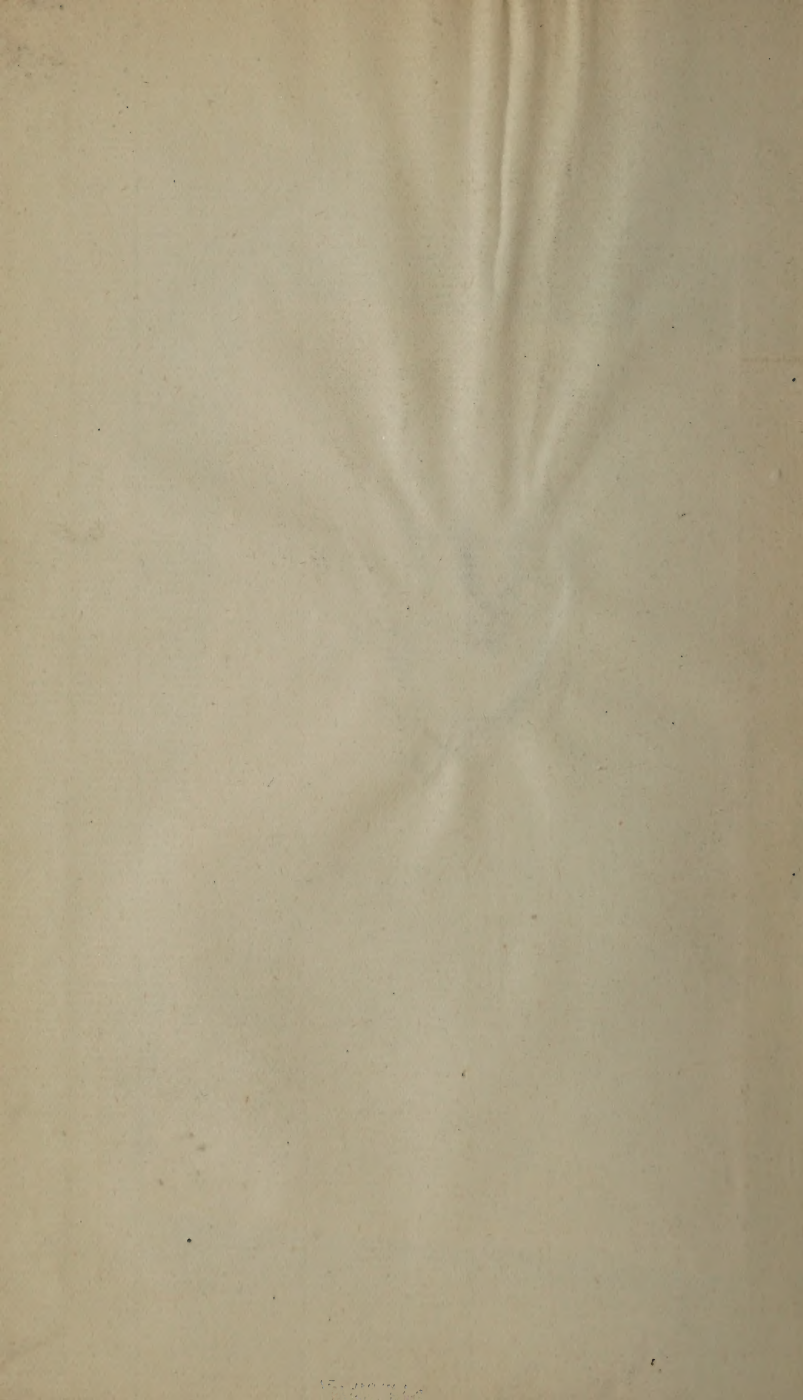


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SACRED MUSIC.

A Lecture,

BY

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

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REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.,

Sacred Music.—(With Illustrations.)

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DELIVERED BEFORE

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FEBRUARY 8, 1859.

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SACRED MUSIC.

THIS world of ours is very much fallen from what it was 6,000 years ago; but it is neither pandemonium—a prison—nor a dungeon. Sin has entered, but it has not attained supremacy. That terrible discord has intruded and interrupted its once all-perfect music; yet there still remain exquisite passages of primæval song,—echoes, not yet spent, of blessed harmonies.

What glory still shines down from the skies! What beauty and fragrance in wild field flowers! What latent possibilities of ecstasy in the air we breathe, waiting for the minstrel's touch to break forth and fill the listening ear with waves of delight! Even amid our world-ruins, man might be happier, if he would only let himself be so.

It is very true, pleasure is neither the chief business of life, nor the first duty of man. We are on the road to pleasure, through pain. But there are many sweet springs in our path we may sip from, and pass on—many way-side inns, where we may refresh our souls, and recruit our strength; and here and there we cannot help hearing snatches of music and wandering melodies, to which it is no sin to listen.

Poetry, painting, and music, are the three ministering and

enlivening sisters of humanity, in those hours when we need to drink from some cup that "cheers but not inebriates." Most men have some taste for one or other of these.

Poetry looks into the depths and heights of Nature—sees, and associates or disentangles its beautiful complications—lays bare its finest and most delicate affinities, and soothes, or stirs, or charms, with its riches of thought, its splendour of diction, its revelation of those unseen and unsuspected relations in the depths of things which are recognized and felt as soon as they are brought to light. Poetry is thought in blossom—life in its intensest moods—the essence and the perfume of Nature. It is to prose what sunshine is to day-light.

Painting presents to the eye the landscape—the river—the mountain—"the human face divine"—incidents and scenes that reveal to a glance, what it takes chapters of history to describe, and many lines of poetry to develope. The pictures of Raphael, Carlo Dolce, and Rubens are poems—having a beginning, middle, and end, all presented at once, and in full splendour, to the eye.

But while admitting the great claims of poetry and painting, I cannot help thinking and feeling that of the sisterhood Music is the loveliest. Viewed merely as a sensuous influence, it is the purest, least earthly, and most impressive. But as a vehicle of thoughts, motives, griefs, and gladness, bridal joys, and burial lamentation, it is without an equal. It lives in the memory, it soothes the heart. The song we heard in childhood or boyhood, reaching the ear in some far-off foreign land, wakens into life and freshness a thousand dead or sleeping recollections, or brings up scenes long faded, and associations long broken; and all the pleasantness and poetry of "Auld Lang Syne." The sweet strain in such circumstances falls on the exile's spirit, like sunshine on a landscape, and the live over young life again; and Highland loch and low-

land lawn come back upon its waves of song, and our present griefs are merged in pleasant reminiscences.

Poetry and music touch the same elements of Nature, but by different processes. Poetry stirs emotion by means of thought; music rouses thought by means of emotion. The influence of music is deep and rapid, but transient; the effects of poetry are slower, but more enduring.

A great and sublime musician seems to me more gifted than even a great poet. Handel is at least equal to Milton.

The power of music as a martial influence is not the result of mere association of ideas. The notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the drum, are not creative of all the soldier's heroism, but they express and give outlet to the swelling tide of feeling that has been generated in a just and righteous cause. Music, also, deepens and inspires what higher or other influences have originally created. What a terrific outburst has the "Marseillaise" awakened in Paris, in former times! What a powerful effect has been produced on the Highlander by the martial, though not very musical strains of the great Highland bagpipe! There is scarcely a hard-fought field, from Alexandria, Corunna, and Waterloo, to the Alma, where Scottish Highlander and English Guardsman fought shoulder to shoulder, and carried its heights, in which the sound of that powerful instrument has not been heard.

"Then, wild and high as Cameron's gathering, rose
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard :
And heard, too, have her Saxon foes
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! but with its breath, which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memories of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

We most earnestly pray that the music of war may become

a strange or unknown sound in our country. But should our nation ever be assigned this terrible mission, we no less pray that with clear conscience and fearless heart she may be able to sing, "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

Music, if not consoling, is most expressive and soothing in the day of sorrow. It unloads the heart, and gives full and true utterance to its griefs. How exquisite the pathos, and simple yet plaintive the melody, to which are wedded the words:—

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths, which thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
To the lan' o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
An' we grudged her sair, Jean,
To the lan' o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae caul' nor care, Jean,
But the day's aye fair, Jean,
I' the lan' o' the leal."

How very finely written is the following sketch!

"The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine-tops and disappeared like a ring taken from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose

bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First whisperingly, yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor), the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and, when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ with a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the overblown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the outburst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the dark-

ness) seems an intensitive and a low burden to the general anthem of the earth—as it were a single voice among instruments.

“I had what Wordsworth calls a ‘couchant ear’ in my youth, and my story will wait, dear reader, while I tell you of another harmony that I learned to love in the wilderness.

“There will come sometimes in the spring—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tents shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eyes while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends softly and warm; but with the sunset the clouds break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side, looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine tassels hold in every four of their five fingers a drop of rain frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all dropping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear soothed and satisfied then), you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care. And it is better than the voice of your friend, or the song of your lady-love, for it exacts no

gratitude, and will not desert you ere the echo dies upon the wind.

“Oh, how many of these harmonies there are!—how many that we hear, and how many that are ‘too constant to be heard’! I could go back to my youth, now, with this thread of recollection, and unsepulture a hoard of simple and long-buried joys that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled, since such things could give me pleasure! Is there no ‘well of Kanathos’ for renewing the youth of the soul?—no St. Hilary’s cradle?—no elixir to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-tarnishing custom? Find me an alchymy for *that*, with your alembic and crucible, and you may resolve to dross again your philosopher’s stone!”

There are two pieces of music of great popularity, and of intrinsic merit, which I last heard at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, of different character, but of equal musical excellence. The first is “Beethoven’s Funeral March,” and the second “Handel’s Dead March in Saul.”

The former has the sepulchral and despairing tone of the gloomy religion amid whose air it was composed. It sounds like the alternating sobs of grief and despair—inter-penetrating and complicating each other—calling up into the imagination of the hearer scenes of gloom and sorrow, and desertion dense and dark, out of which leap up at intervals wild and piercing wailings, as if struggles to break through the night and reach the realms of sunshine; but, broken and weakened, they fall back again into a yet deeper desertion and despair.

The “Dead March in Saul” is of equal merit as a composition, and of a far more hopeful strain. It begins with that plaintive monotonous wail—mixture of grief and resignation—of sorrow that is human, and of resignation that is Christian, and finally culminates in victory over death, in the resurrection and the life everlasting:—

"It rose that chanted mournful strain
Like some lone spirit o'er a plain,
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when wind and harp strings meet,
And takes a long unmeasured tone
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

[*Dead March in Saul, sung by the Choir.*] *

The grandest piece of music in existence is "Handel's Messiah."

It begins with the Prophecies of the Messiah, and ends its first portion with the joyous burst of feeling, "Unto us a child is born."

The *next* part begins with a pastoral symphony, and ends in "Glory to God in the highest."

In the *third* part the special ministry of the Son of Man is set forth, closing with "His yoke is easy."

In the *fourth* section the sorrows of the unprecedented Sufferer, the Man of Sorrows, are embodied in sounds of wondrous power and pathos.

In the *fifth* the Resurrection breaks on the hearer with majestic force, and is celebrated in sublime strains.

In the *sixth* part are delineated the victories of the Messiah over all principalities and powers culminating and crowned in "Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The Christian next appears proclaiming that joyous hope which was first felt by the afflicted patriarch on those eastern plains, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that magnificent defiance, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Lastly, the Apocalyptic anthem comes in "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," and ends with an "Amen," which spreads its vibrations backward into all ages, and forward into all time, sending up its sounds to the skies, which repeat their vibrations on earth; and, finally, coming back on

* The music of the various pieces will be found at the end of this Lecture.

itself like a great tidal wave, it renews its energy and inspiration, and launches forth again into the endless and blessed eternity. "It does not cause us to pity, but to tremble; it does not move us to weeping, because there lie beneath it 'thoughts which are too deep for tears.' In unison with this dread and solemn pathos is the subdued but mighty anguish of the general harmony. When the victory is proclaimed—the victory over the grave—the victory in which mortality is swallowed up of life—we are lost in the glory of a super-human chorus; our imagination breaks all local bounds; we fancy all the elements of creation, all glorified and risen men, all the hosts of heaven's angels, united in this exultant anthem. Handel, truly, is the Milton of music."

There is an exquisitely solemn fragment I will ask Miss Wells, one of my choir, to sing, "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."
[*Sung by Miss Wells.*]

Handel's Messiah, not Milton's second and very subordinate epic, is worthy of the title of "Paradise Regained."

Music was the gift of God, and not the invention or discovery of man. Adam and Eve were the first tenor and soprano, and their first song was sacred. The atmosphere was meant as truly to be the vehicle of song and sweet sounds as to supply the lungs with oxygen. It is a mark of the goodness of God that the element he has made essential to life, he has made the element also of the very richest enjoyment. In this, as in all God's works, the useful and the beautiful, the necessary and the beneficent, are so linked together that we can scarcely use the one without enjoying the other. The power of music over the brute creation is remarkable. The lion is soothed by melody; the warhorse prances to the sound that moves his rider's heart; the cow seems arrested by the milkmaid's song; the earliest feelings and thoughts of the infant are stirred by the mother's song—a song that outlives

all the sermons and speeches of after-life, and in foreign lands and altered circumstances mingles the solace of the present, with the sadness of ancient recollections, and turns all our thoughts and reminiscences to their central spot or fatherland.

There are various sorts of music. There is *street music*, the offering of the organ-grinder, against which the newspapers have entered so many grave protests. Next to sharpening of a saw, it is the most intolerable. But who is to blame? It is the public. You give your halfpence to those lazzaroni imported into England by mercenary vagabonds, either to bribe them to retire, or buy them to remain, and thus you increase the supply. The cure lies not in calling in the police, but in refusing halfpence.

There is *drawing-room music*. It should be pure, and yet varied from grave to gay, from serious to severe. Whether harp, violin, or piano be the instrument, or no other than nature's noblest—the human voice, many a long winter evening may be lighted up with gladness, and bonds and sympathies created which will live through after-days in happy reminiscences. Wearied with long hours and hard work, you will find in music far greater refreshment to the exhausted spirits than in alcohol, and a far finer opiate to the nerves than the pharmacopœia can supply. The rower pulls with greater force because his labour is lightened by song; and the slave in the mill, or in the mine, forgets his thralldom while he sings. The harp of David laid the fiendish passions of Saul. Let the play-house have its music, and the opera its music, for those who like, the camp its strains, and the church its sacred hymns; but let the house have its music also. It gives expression to those delicate idealities of the soul which words do not represent. We want it as meet accompaniment to the retreating rays and deepening shadows of the summer eve; we want it in the long winter's

evening, to cheer, and humanize, and please. A love for music in your homes may exclude ill-natured criticism, idle words, politics and polemics, and create in its heart and memory many a happy—almost holy recollection.

There is *military* music, to which I have already incidentally referred. Under its stirring sounds, and stricken by its martial breath, armies leave all man loves, and face all man fears, and move with firm and solemn tramp where death is about to gather up his awful harvests.

But nobler than all is that which is linked to holy and inspired truth. Music was consecrated in ancient Paradise, secularized by Cain, but reconsecrated by the Man of sorrows, who led the solemn hymn that was sung at the first communion festival. A sacred composition of Handel as much excels the very finest operatic music, as York Minster exceeds in sublimity the most artistic shop in Regent-street. All deep and overwhelming emotions—and those of true religion are the deepest—crave musical expression. The very highest eloquence, in its most impassioned moods, touches the margin of verse and the melody of song. Could we secure for the performance of Handel's music, consecrated hearts, as well as gifted, expressive lips, the oratorio would be like the dawning anthem of the blessed. Handel is, emphatically, the Protestant musician. His exquisite melodies rise amid masses of harmony like angel hymns amidst the roar of the waves of ocean. Even in their gladness there is something sublime and awful.

Let me here add an interesting account of the Miserere at Rome:—

“The night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. . . . The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect

triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing Christ, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupified, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, 'Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!' The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness, and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sank away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to

it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection."

Sacred music is never so grand as when it is the Psalmist's hymn resounding from a congregation's lips. There is real power in the rugged psalm tune, that has become identified with the most solemn events and aspects of national history. The "Old Hundredth," rising from the floor of the Sunday evening congregation at St. Paul's, is, in spite of incidental discords, a very magnificent thing. The same psalm, or "French," or "Martyrdom," or "Dundee," rising from five thousand Scottish voices into the clear sky, broken by the rocks, reverberating along the glens and mountain gorges, and softened and subdued as it mingles with the murmurs of a Highland loch, creates impressions of majesty and greatness, compared with which cathedral chants and choristers become positively mean and poverty-stricken.

"A music is wanted in our Protestant churches such as Christianity ought to have—a music simple, yet grand—varied, but not conspicuous—gladsome with holy joy, not with irreverent levity—not sentimental, yet tender—solemn, yet not depressing—not intolerant of the beauties of art, yet not scornful of popular feeling." A very fine specimen of true congregational psalmody, a production of the thirteenth century, is "Soldau."

[Sung by the Choir.]

A recent dispute has occurred in some sections of the Chris-

now is called Dundee

tian Church, as to the use of organs in public worship. Is it lawful? It is unquestionably so. Is it expedient? This is the only legitimate question. I do believe that in two-thirds of the Protestant parish churches of England and Scotland it would be a most expedient addition. It covers the discordant voices too loudly heard, and is a decent substitute for voices whose silence is their most expressive praise.

I do not find in the Fathers of the Nicene Church any reference to the use of musical instruments in places of Christian worship. The first organ used in divine service was built by a priest A.D. 826, and placed in the church of Aix-la-Chapelle. What is somewhat remarkable, the introduction of organs into public worship roused a storm in the twelfth century worthy of a Puritan of the seventeenth. A monk of that age thus protests: "I ask what means this forcible blowing of bellows, expressing rather crashing of thunder than the sweetness of the human voice?" St. Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor, describing the practice of his day, says, "Our church does not use musical instruments, lest she should seem to Judaize." The Greek Church is still unfavourable to instrumental music in public worship.

Granting, as I do, that instrumental music is perfectly *lawful* in public worship, it does seem to me that when good congregational music can be had, organs are not *expedient*.

If you can secure true and powerful rendering of the four great parts of every tune by a sufficient choir, and have a congregation willing to learn their *duty*, which is to sing the praise of God, the need of an instrument will not be felt. I am a great admirer of that all but inspired hymn, the *Te Deum*. The Dettingen *Te Deum* is a composition of rare magnificence. There are *Te Deums* of classic purity, and to musical tastes possessed of the highest merit, heard in cathedrals, but seemingly not acceptable to the popular taste. There is one by Jackson, so popular, though musical men do

not all admire it, that a congregation learn to sing it after hearing it a few times.

[*Here the Choir sang the "Te Deum."*]

In fact, the roll of five thousand voices singing the melody alone, is very magnificent. Discords and defects are buried in the mass and volume of sound, and the impression of power and grandeur is sensibly felt. Haydn said, he never heard anything so grand as the six thousand voices of children in St. Paul's on the festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

Berlioz, the friend of Mendelssohn, was present at the festival of 1851. Writing about it to the great composer, he states, "To attempt to give you an idea of the effect of the 100th Psalm, sung by this unprecedented choir, would be utterly useless; compared in power and beauty to the most massive musical combinations that you ever heard, it is as St. Paul's of London to the village church of Ville d'Avray, and a hundred times grander."

By almost universal consent, the *violin* has been secularized. It is a pity. It is, in a master's hand, the most exquisite of instruments. To let you hear what it can do in *no* common hands, Mr. Deichman, at my request, has kindly consented to play an andante from De Beriot's second concerto, the beauty of which you will easily appreciate.

[*Violin by Mr. Deichman.*]

But if an instrument is to be used in a place of worship, it is now settled beyond all dispute that the instrument must be the organ. It is consecrated in the feeling of Christendom; usage and precedent are on its side. Its greatest defect, want of expression, has been almost removed. For large buildings and vast masses of people it is best adapted.

Then swelled the organ up through choir and nave,
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur. Wave on wave
The flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the shock it gave;

Then poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak;
In the agony of effort it doth break,
Yet triumphs breaking—on it rushed and streamed,
And wantoned in its might, as when a lake,
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls,
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge bass kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky.
It grew up like a darkness everywhere,
Filling its vast cathedral. Suddenly
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke,
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
Filling the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom the rich chant,
Where fifty voices in one strain did twist
Their vari-coloured tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul, which sank abysed
In the warm music-cloud, while far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

But whether the organ be used or not, it is desirable that the tunes and chants should be the noble old compositions, with their simple yet massive harmonies, not those rants we sometimes hear.

I must say I have a great liking to chanting the words of Scripture, as distinguished from *versifying* the sacred words, in order to fit them for being sung.

The necessity of versifying and turning into rhyme the magnificent psalms of David, in order to sing them, is very undesirable, even when the best, because the truest and

purest, of English versions—that of the Church of Scotland—is used.

Adapting our music to the very words of inspiration, as in chanting, is certainly the most Protestant if not the most popular. I need not illustrate so familiar a theory. The late Chevalier Neukomm, with whom I have had many conversations on this subject, composed music for each of the psalms in our authorized version. He hoped to see this accepted in congregations, as he justly observed that each psalm has its distinctive and peculiar character, and ought, therefore, to be expressed and sung in music suitable to it. In order to meet this very just requirement, he composed distinctive music for each psalm. A very favourable specimen is his rendering of Psalm xxiii.

[*The Choir sang this piece.*]

I cannot detain you longer. As one of your vice-presidents, I congratulate you on the success of that course of which this is the last lecture. You have learned many a useful and instructive lesson in this course. You have spent many a happy winter evening in Exeter Hall. I trust you are, therefore, wiser, better, and happier. If this lecture of mine be the least instructive, its accompaniments have been most like the enjoyments and employments of that blessed state introduced by the inspired recitative, “Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him both small and great.” To which replies the magnificent anthem-peal, lifted up by a voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, “Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

But as we are all loyal subjects, I propose, with your approbation, that we have the National Anthem, to be sung as follows:—

First verse, *quartet*—four voices.

Second verse, *duet*—two voices. (*Misses Wells.*)

Third verse, *solo*—(*Miss Wells*). At the end of the solo let the same third verse be given by all the meeting standing.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

O Lord our God! arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their Romish tricks,
On Thee our hearts we fix—
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Having thus “honoured” the Queen, and honoured ourselves in the honour we render to that illustrious lady, as members of the Young Men’s Christian Association, we never can forget HIM who has given us a gracious Queen, a prosperous and peaceful country, a loyal people, an open Bible, good ministers in our pulpits, excellent lectures up to this evening on this platform, and many good, and holy, and blessed lessons. Let us then sing, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” &c. First two lines, organ and choir—*piano*; last two lines, all the hearts and all the voices in the hall, as the voice of many waters and as the voice of mighty thunderings.

Funeral Anthem.

Adapted to the DEAD MARCH in "SAUL," by L. MASON.

1st CANTO. *Adagio.*
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - - ful tomb,

2nd CANTO.
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - - ful tomb,

TENOR,
(8ve. lower.) *Adagio.*
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb,

BASS.
Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb,

ORGAN
OR
PIANO. *Adagio. mp*

Take this new trea-sure to . . thy trust; And give these sa - cred

Take this new trea-sure to . . thy trust; And give these sa - cred

Take this new trea-sure to thy trust; And give these sa - cred

Take this new trea-sure to thy trust; And give these sa - cred

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

cres.

re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - - lent dust.

cres.

re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - - lent dust.

cres.

re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.

re - lies room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.

p *cres.*

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - - ious fear, In -

p *cres.*

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - - ious fear, In -

p *cres.*

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In -

p *cres.*

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In -

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

mf *p*

- - vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

- - vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

mf *p*

- - vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

- - vade thy bounds; No mor - tal woes can reach the peace-ful

cres. *dim.*

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

cres. *dim.*

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re-pose.

cres. *dim.*

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

The musical score is written for a choir and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a grand staff for piano accompaniment. The second system has four vocal staves and a grand staff for piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "So Je - sus slept: God's dy - ing Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till". The dynamics are marked as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *pp* (pianissimo).

p *mf*
So Je - sus slept: God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p *mf*
So Je - sus slept: God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p *mf*
So Je - sus slept: God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

p *mf*
So Je - sus slept: God's dy - ing Son Pass'd

pp
thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till

pp
thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till

pp
thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till

pp
thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, blest saint, till

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

from his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

from . . his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

cres. f dim.

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; Attend, O earth, his

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth, his

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth, his

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth, his

f dim.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

pp

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

pp

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

sov - - reign word, Re - store thy trust, a

pp

cres. *f*

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

cres. *f*

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

cres. *f*

He was despised.

"Messiah"—HANDEL.

Isaiah, liii. v. 3.

CONTRALTO.

AIR.

ORGAN
OF
PIANO.

Largo.

p

He

was

des - pi - sed,

des -

HE WAS DESPISED.

pi - sed, and re - ject - ed, re -

ject - ed of men, a man of

p *pp*

sor - - - - - rows, a man of

sor - - - - - row, and ac-quaint-ed with grief, . . .

HE WAS DESPISED.

... a man of sor-rows, and ac-quaint-ed with

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics '... a man of sor-rows, and ac-quaint-ed with' are aligned with the vocal line.

grief.

p *f*

This system contains the next three staves. The vocal line has a rest followed by a note marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand. The word 'grief.' is written below the vocal line.

hr

He was des-pised, re-jected,

This system contains the next three staves. The vocal line has a rest followed by a note marked with a half note (*hr*). The piano accompaniment continues. The lyrics 'He was des-pised, re-jected,' are aligned with the vocal line.

He was des - pi - sed, and re - ject - ed of

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The vocal line has a rest followed by a note. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece. The lyrics 'He was des - pi - sed, and re - ject - ed of' are aligned with the vocal line.

HE WAS DESPISED.

men, a man of sor-rows, and ac-quaint-ed with

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'men, a man of sor-rows, and ac-quaint-ed with'.

grief, . . . a man of sor-rows, and ac -

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'grief, . . . a man of sor-rows, and ac -'.

- - quaint - ed with grief. He was des - pi - sed,

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '- - quaint - ed with grief. He was des - pi - sed,'. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present at the end of the system.

re-ject-ed, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with

This system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 're-ject-ed, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with'.

HE WAS DESPISED.

grief, and acquainted with grief, . . . a man of

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in bass clef, with the left hand playing a steady eighth-note pattern and the right hand playing chords and moving lines. The lyrics 'grief, and acquainted with grief, . . . a man of' are written below the top staff.

sor - rows, and ac- quaint - ed with grief.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The top staff has the lyrics 'sor - rows, and ac- quaint - ed with grief.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The key signature remains two flats.

p

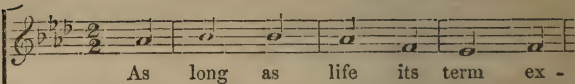
The third system of musical notation features a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The left hand plays a continuous eighth-note pattern, while the right hand plays chords. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the right hand. The top staff is empty.

hr

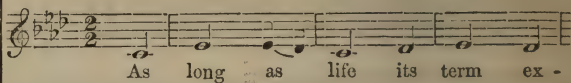
The fourth system of musical notation continues the piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *hr* (half rest) is placed above the right hand. The top staff is empty.

Soldau.—L.M.

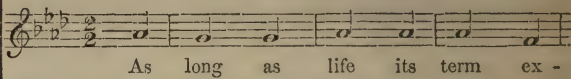
TREBLE.



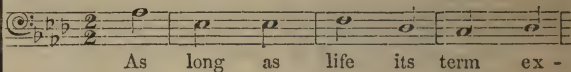
ALTO.



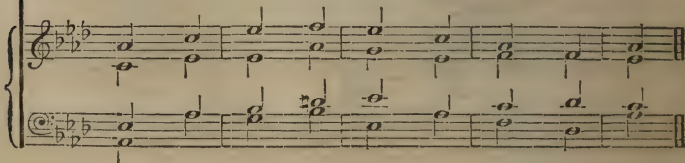
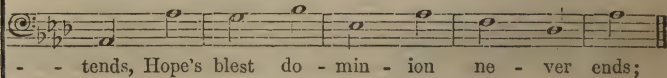
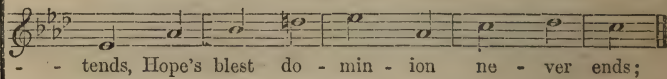
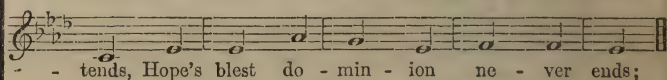
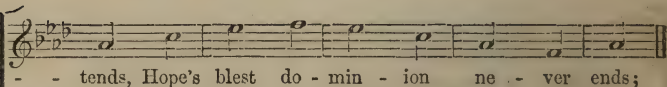
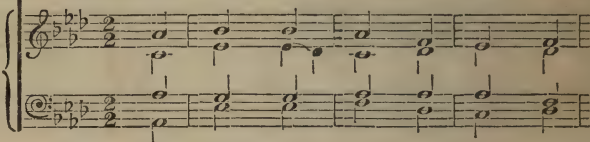
TENOR,
(8ve lower.)



BASS.



ORGAN
or
PIANO.



SOLDAU.

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

For while the lamp holds on to burn,

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn

The great - est sin - ner may re - turn.

Te Deum, Laudamus.

By WILLIAM JACKSON.

TREBLE.
 We praise thee, O God: we ac-

ALTO,
 8ve. lower.)
 We praise thee, O God: we ac-

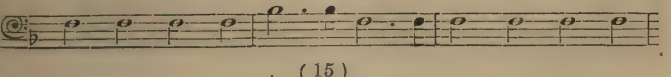
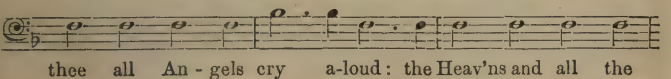
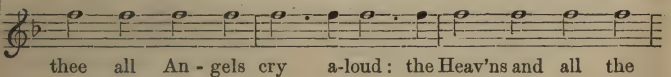
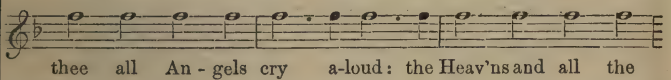
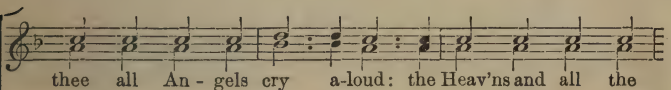
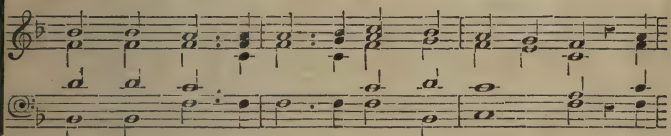
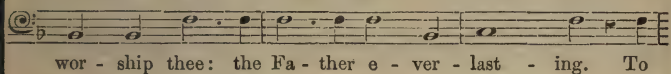
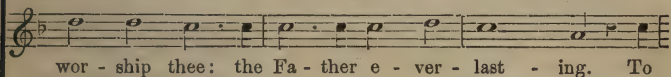
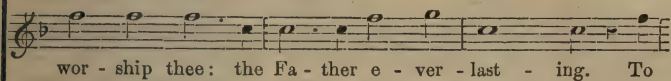
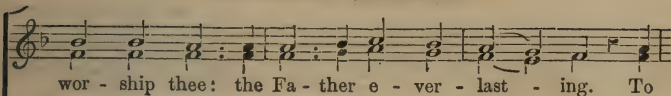
TENOR,
 8ve lower.)
 We praise thee, O God: we ac-

BASS.
 We praise thee, O God: we ac-

ORGAN
 or
PIANO.
Full. T.S.

- know ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth
 - know ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth
 - know ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth
 - know ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.



TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Pow'rs there - in. To thee Che - ru - bin and

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

Se - ra - phin : con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly,

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly: Lord God of Sa - baoth; Heav'n and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly: Lord God of Sa - baoth; Heav'n and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly: Lord God of Sa - baoth; Heav'n and earth are

Ho - ly, Ho - ly: Lord God of Sa - baoth; Heav'n and earth are

full of the Ma - jes - ty: of thy Glo - ry.

full of the Ma - jes - ty: of thy Glo - ry.

full of the Ma - jes - ty: of thy Glo - ry.

full of the Ma - jes - ty: of thy Glo - ry.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Decani.

The glo - rious com - pa - ny

Choir,

Full.

of the A - pos - tles praise thee.

praise thee.

Cantis.

praise thee. The good - ly fel-low-ship

praise thee. The good - ly fel-low-ship

Full. *Choir.*

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Full.

praise thee.

praise thee. The no - - - - ble

of the Pro-phets: praise thee. The no - - - - ble

of the Pro-phets: praise thee.

Full. *Choir.*

Full.

praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

ar - my of Mar - tyrs: praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

ar - my of Mar - tyrs: praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

praise thee. The Ho - ly Church throughout

Full.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

all the world: doth ac - know - ledge thee; The

The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

Fa - ther: of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes - ty;

The piano accompaniment continues with a grand staff, maintaining the harmonic structure for the vocal parts.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

Thine ho-nour-a-ble, true: and on-ly Son;

The first system consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - fort - er.

Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - fort - er.

Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - fort - er.

Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - fort - er.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal lines are more melodic, with some notes tied across measures. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.

The first system contains four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ." The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Thou art the e-ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

Thou art the e-ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

Thou art the e-ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

Thou art the e-ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther.

The second system continues with the same four vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Thou art the e-ver-lasting Son: of the Fa - ther." The musical notation and piano accompaniment are consistent with the first system, maintaining the same key and time signature.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "When thou took'st up - on thee to de - li - ver man: thou". The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The vocal parts enter with a half note, followed by the piano accompaniment.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.

The second system of the musical score continues the previous system. The lyrics are: "didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb.". The vocal parts and piano accompaniment continue with the same melodic and harmonic structure.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

p When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst *f*

When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst

p When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst *f*

When thou hadst o-vercome the sharp-ness of death: thou didst

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

o - pen the kingdom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry

sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry

sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry

sit - test at the right hand of God: in the glo - ry

of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to

of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to

of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to

of the Fa-ther. We be-lieve that thou shalt come: to

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

be our Judge. We there-fore pray thee, help thy servants:

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy pre - cious

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

f
blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy
blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy
f
blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy
blood. Make them to be num - ber'd with thy
f
saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.
saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.
saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.
saints: in glo - ry e - ver - last - - ing.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

p *Decani.*

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

p *Decani.*

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

O Lord, save thy peo - ple: and

p

Cantoris.

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

Cantoris.

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

bleſs thine he - ri - tage. Go - vern them: and

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

lift them up for e - ver. Day by day: we

f Full.

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

mag - ni - fy thee; And we wor - ship thy Name: e - ver

f Full.

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Decani.

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

Decani.

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

world with - out end. Vouch-safe, O Lord: to

Cantoris.

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

Cantoris.

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have mer - cy up -

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

Full.

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on . . us. O

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on us. O

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on us. O

- - on us: have mer - cy up - on us. O

Full.

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

Lord, let thy mer - cy light - en up - on us:

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

as our trust, . . our trust is in thee. O

T. S.

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust -

h

TE DEUM, LAUDAMUS.

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

ed: let me ne - ver, let me ne - ver

be con - found - - ed.

be con - - found - - ed.

be con - - found - - ed.

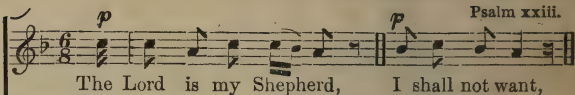
be con - - found - - ed.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Psalm xxiii.

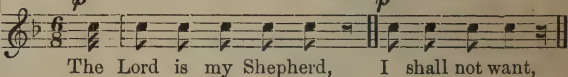
1st
TREBLE.



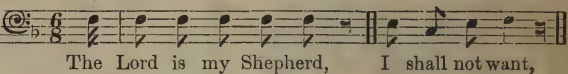
2nd
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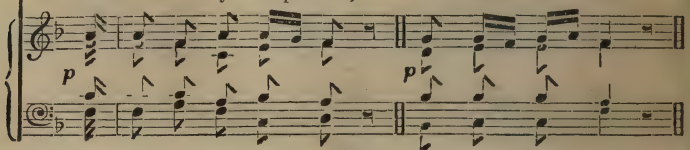
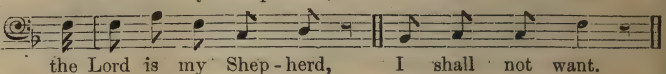
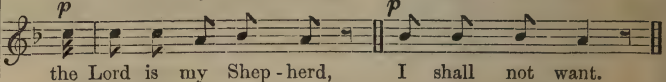
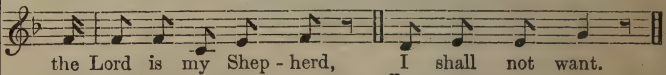
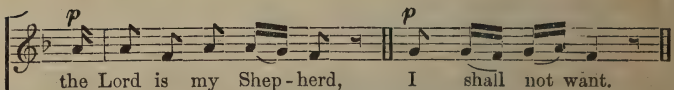
TENOR,
(8ve lower.)



BASS.



ACCOMP.



THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

p

He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:

p

He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:

p

He mak - eth me to lie down in green pas-tures:

p

He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.

p

He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.

p

He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.

p

He lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

p

He re - stor - eth my soul, my soul,

He re - stor - eth my soul, my soul,

p

He re - stor - eth my soul, my soul,

He re - stor - eth my soul,

p

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

p

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

He lead-eth me in the paths of right - eous-ness,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

for his name's sake, for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

ten. *f* death, I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me: *f*

death, I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me:

ten. *f* death. I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me: *f*

death, I will fear no e - vil: for thou art with me:

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

Thou pre - par - est a ta - ble be - fore me, in the

This system contains four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

pre - sence of mine e - ne-mies; thou a - noint-est my head with

This system continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. It includes four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated for each vocal part. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are arranged in two pairs, each with a treble and bass clef. The piano accompaniment is shown in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics 'oil: . . my cup run - neth o - ver.' are written below each vocal staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The first vocal staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

Sure - ly, sure - ly, sure-ly, good-ness and mer - - cy shall

Sure - ly, sure-ly, good-ness and mercy shall

Sure - ly, sure-ly, good-ness and mercy shall

good - - ness shall

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Sure - ly, sure - ly, sure-ly, good-ness and mer - - cy shall' are written below the first vocal staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in the same key and time signature as the first system. The first vocal staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

fol - low me all the days of my life;

fol - low me all the days of my life;

fol - low me all the days . . of my life;

fol - low me all the days of my life;

f
And I will

f
And I will dwell in the house of the

f
And I will dwell, I will dwell in the house of the

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

dwelt in the house . . of the Lord, . . in the
 Lord I will dwell in the house of the Lord, . . in the house . .
 Lord, for e - ver and e - - - - ver, for
 and I will dwell in the house of the

house of the Lord for e-ver and e - ver, for
 . . . of the Lord, for e - - - ver and e - ver, for
 e - - ver, for e - - ver, and e - ver, for
 Lord, of the Lord, for e-ver and e - ver,

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "e - - ver will I dwell in the house of the".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Lord, in the house of the Lord for e - - house of the Lord for Lord, in the house of the Lord for house of the Lord for".

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

er - more, for
 ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er - more, for
 ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er - more, for
 ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er - more, for

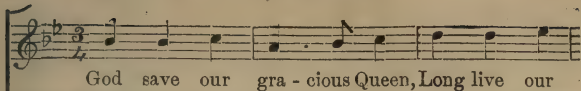
The first system of the musical score for 'The Lord is My Shepherd'. It consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with a long rest followed by the lyrics 'er - more, for'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

ev - er, for ev - er and ev - - - er - more.
 ev - er, for ev - er and ev - - - er - more.
 ev - er, for ev - er and ev - - - er - more.
 ev - er, for ev - er and ev - - - er - more.

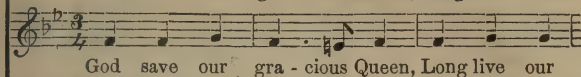
The second system of the musical score. The vocal parts continue with the lyrics 'ev - er, for ev - er and ev - - - er - more.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure, leading to the end of the piece with final chords.

God save the Queen.

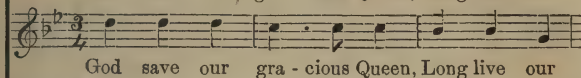
TREBLE.



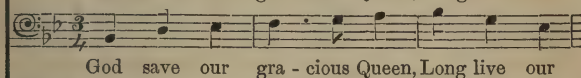
ALTO.



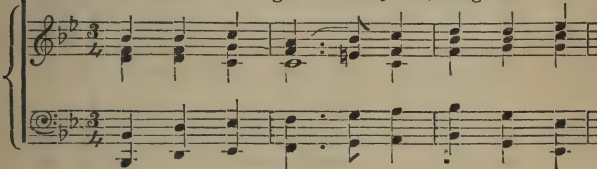
TENOR,
(8ve lower.)



BASS.



ACCOMP.



no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.

no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.

no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.

no - ble Queen, God save the Queen.

dim.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,

Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,

Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,

Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,

The first system of the musical score for 'God Save the Queen'. It consists of four vocal staves (treble clef, key of B-flat major) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, key of B-flat major). The lyrics are 'Send her vic - to - ri-ous, Hap - py and glo - ri-ous,' repeated four times.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.

Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with four vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Long to reign o - ver us, God save the Queen.' repeated four times. The system concludes with a 'Fine.' marking on the piano staff.

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PREFACE.

THIS is the Twelfth Volume of Lectures to Young Men which the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association have been permitted, by the kindness of the Lecturers, to publish.

Each successive Volume has been received with favour by the public, and arrangements are now made by which the Anglo-Saxon population of America, and our own Australian fellow-subjects, share, by this means, in the benefit of efforts made primarily with a view to the "improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of young men" in London. From the remotest parts of the world, testimonies of gratitude and of appreciation of these Lectures are received.

The Committee "thank God and take courage."

They hope for this Volume also a large circulation; they pray for the Divine blessing upon the learned, able, and

interesting Lectures it contains; and with renewed and hearty thanks to the Lecturers, they send it forth, asking that those who may profit by its contents will aid, by prayer and by personal exertion, in the endeavours of the Association to make the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ the rule of commercial society, as well as the light and life of individual character.

W. EDWYN SHIPTON,
Secretary.

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